THE OLD CONDUCTOR

A Black Platform Yaru About Jim and the

Philadelphia Times.

There was a dreamy, far-away expression on the Old Conductor's face as he jerked the bell-rope and called "Geerud avner" through the open door. A very small girl with a very large basket got out, and then the street car plunged along in its mad career down

The Old Conductor wiped a frozen tear from his eye and said it was cold this morning, very cold. Taen he stamped his feet viciously, buttoned his overcoat tight about his observed to be stamped by the stamped his feet viciously, buttoned his overcoat tight about his collections. up the car aisle like a crab, collected on the soldier, stepped forward with five fares and rang the bell-punch only three times, and came back to the the o'd soldier broke down, and the platform with a puzzled look, as if he the o'd soldier broke down, and the general comforted him with kindly sold forgotton something and was trying very hard to remember what it was.

The Old Conductor said he were sad this mornin'-wery sad. Jim wouldn't be with us no more. Jim wouldn'. Jim were gone, and the Old Conductor wiped another frozen tear from the other eye and settled himself down comfortable on the railing. Were he dead? Naw! Of course not. Bounced! Fire!! Phist! And the Old Conductor raised himself upon his tees and jerked his thumb over his shoulder in a very mysterious way. A spotter had done it—a mean, miserable, contemptible spotter. He said Jim were not honest, which were a mean, miserable, contemptible, lie, for there wan't no more honester man on these yere kyers.
"Jim and me was chums," said the

Old Conductor. "Jim and me was. I have been conducterin' nigh onto eleven years on this yere road, and I knowed Jim six of 'em. Now I wouldn't take advantage of nobody, confinued the Old Conductor and he toos up a quarter from an old gentle-man who had left his spectacles at home and gave him four pennies, a nickel and a dime with a hole in it in return, and forgot to ring the punch in his engerness to make the right change. 'Now Jim was just like me, Jim were, and he couldn't be hired to cheat nobody. He ran the keyar down ahead o' me. I seen that spotter get outer Jim's keyar out to the depot last Chewsday, but I didn't have no chance to tell Jim of ft. Well, sir, will you believe it, sir, that there mean, miserable, contemptible spotter actually said that Jim had taken up a hundred fares and only purched 75 times! Now, what do you think o' that?' and the Old Conductor gave the bell-rope a savage jerk and rang again to go ahead before the old lady who was alighting had touched the lower step.

"And the worst of it were," connotice of the old lady, who had fallen in the street, "the worst of it were that in another pocket they found a dollar and a half in pennies and nickels. Now, how them nickels came in that pocket is more'n Jim can tell. If he'd a knowed that them nickles belonged to the comp'ny he'd a turned 'em right in; but he didn't even suspect it, Jim didn't. It were all a mistake, of course. When a keyat is jam full o people, and a dozen on 'em is a hundin' up their fares to wunst, and you are a gettin' near a crossin', you haint got no time to be pertickler about pockets, have was with them chiefly that education with ours. conductor might throw the money right into the pocket what comes handi-It's more'n likely Jim done just that thing, but he didn't mean nothin' by it. In the hurry Jim might have forgot to ring the punch now 'n then. But that hadn't oughter to count agin him, for he done the best he knew how. Besides Jim has got an old aunt up on Wine street somewhere, and she was mighty sick last Chewsday. Now, Jim thinks a good deal o' that old aunt, and he were awful worried about her, Jim were. He were distracted like, you know, and p'rhaps he didn't mind what he were up to. Anyhow, Jim didn't know how them nickels came in that pocket. P'rhaps the old aunt put 'em there," and an innocent, childlike look spread itself over the Old Conductor's face, and settled there as if it meant to stay for the rest of the day.

Lafayette and the Old Soldier.

Mr. William C. Prime, in the New York, Journal of Commerce, tells this interes ing story of Lafayette and the old soldier of Bradford:

valed completely by the influence of the family and the social pressure of They tell in Bradford a story about Lafayette which is worth preserving. Before his 1824 visit to America there the community. In like manner the was in Bradford an old soldier of the revolutionary war, Corporal Blood, who as times grew modern and his early life farther away, was given, as old work. Philip of Macedon could have had no other teaching; his greater son soldiers are, to telling stories of his campaigns; and the incredulous and faithless (who are a universal nuisauce we may call a liberal education, under the educutor of all Europe. around tellers of good old stories) were given to doubting the corporal's veracity. So that, while in the village bar-room and on the front steps of the A Provident Sulter and a Morman Revillage store, it was the common oc-currence for a knot of people to sur-round the old soldier and lead out his reminiscences, it was equally common to express not only to one another but to him the wretched unbelief of the profane modern generation. Corporal Blood was especially devoted to the memory of Lafayette, and not only told stories of the illustrious Frenchman, but often when sorely beset by disbelievers affirmed with emphasis that he knew Lafayette and Lafayette knew him, and if any one would go to there were always ladies bound for France and question the general there Salt Lake, particularly during the win ies. But this appeal to an appearently inaccessible supporter served only to increase the prevalent skepticism, and the old man gradult because the prevalent skepticism, and the old man gradult because the prevalent skepticism. the old man gradully became an object of ridicule in the town.

When Lafayette visited America in 1824, his route of travel brought him to 1824, his route of travel brought him to Concord in New Hampshire, whence he was to cross the country to Burlington, Vermont, and Bradford was associated and excited by notice that the guest of America, with his attending suite, w.uld pass a night at the hotel, the same one new occupied by Mr. Gillis. Great preparations were made, and from all the country around the patriotic people poured into the village, and in the evening were received by Lafayette in the large bail room of the hotel. For in the north country rounded by a glooming garden. The the hotel. For in the north country every inn of importance has a ball rooms, which in winter time is used by sleighing parties; and balls are an estabushed New England country cus-

tom from old (post-Puritan) times. The room which neight held two hundred people standing, was densely packed, and a crowd who nad passed in and out were around the house, and justified her antipathy by sending his in the halls and among them the old first wife to ask her to be his fourth soldier, silent and altogether neglection with him after this, she bought the

house, when he coolly told her that what she regarded as audadity had been prospered by the Lord, and enabled him to sell at a profit. man, looking into the crowd in the light. seeing the glitter of uniforms, and hearing the babel of voices honoring

the stranger whom he had honored in very much darker places. And now it occured to some of the turbulent peo-The romance of Salt Lake City is the story of Libbie Young and visitors are sure to hear it as an illustration of ple to have a little fun out of the old soldier. "Here's the corporal who says he knows Lafayette; let's take how love rules the world. Libbie Young resided in Philadelphia. One of her relatives was the second wife of Brig-ham Young, jr., and while visiting her her husband fell in love with Libbie, and Libble became infatuated with him. She refused to marry him how-ever, unless he discarded his wivesan arrangement, which, strange to say. an arrangement, which, strange to say, was agreed to. Brigham, jr., then made a settlement on each of them, and he and Libbie were married. They lived happily until the death of old Brigham induced his son to look to the succession to the presidency, when to strengthen his influence with the charch he took to himself two new wives. On this Libbie left him, and ever since both hands outstretened and exclaim-ed: "It is Corporal Blood." Then both of them have broken hearts. She still maintains intimate relations with his former wives and fre mently visits them, and when she goes to Salt Lake Brigham hovers around her residence words and the American and Frenca to get a glimpse of her, but she will party gathered around the two, and not see him. And yet everybody says then and there Lafayette told the same story that Corporal Blood told so often she loves him and he still loves her. to incredulous people, how in one of the most trying times of those memorthough ambition proves the stronger passion.

Temple of Dambula, Ceyton.

able times of soul and body trials, when food was very scarce and officers

and men were starving, the orders sternly forbade taking any provisions

from the inhabitants without paying for them, and all supplies for love or

money were exhausted. The general

saying he knew where there was a cow

concealed, and but for the orders he

could get it. The general sent for the

soldier, who was Corporal Blood, and

questioned him, and as the case was

one of starvation, gave him orders to

seize the cow, and money to pay for it.

The relief, small as it was, when the

corporal brought in the beef, was so

sensible that the general thanked him

and often afterwards recognized and

spoke to him. Forty years later he had not forgotten the corporal or the

It is needless to add that Corporal Blood went out of the ball room that

night a mighty man of valor and ver-

acity. It is not stated that he eve

presumed on this triumphant vindica-

tion of his word. But if he had cho

sen to say that be had dined with

George Washington, George of Cappa

docio and George King of England, while Iskander Bey served wine for the three, he would have been backed

I have written the story for preserva

tion because it is beyond dispute that

we need in America personal anec

dotes of our great historical characters

Such incidents have in all ages made the subject of illumination in art and

moulding for Burlington a statue of

Corporal Blood at Burlington, what a group Ward would have delighted to

produce in stone or bronze as the eter

nal memorial of the bond which holds

Where Education Was First Carried On.

So self-asserting were these new-born

teachers of the sophist class, that Pla-

to thought it necessary to recall at-

source of instruction—the home, the trade, and the society. He pointed out that the pretenders to teach virtue

by moral lecturing, were as yet outri-

down by apprenticeship and imitation.

The greatest statesmen and generals

had simp y the education of the actual

was the first of the line to receive what

When the overland train reaches Og-

den, the agitation of the female mind

about visiting Salt Lake City becomes

evident. There are always some ladies going there for the benefit of their

nealth, and many more to gratify their

curiosity; for strange as it may seem, the Mormon stronghold is the great

business, social, and educational cen-ter between Council Bluffs and San Francisco. The conductor told us that

there were always ladies bound for

tion in preparing to inspect a society so entirely at variance with their prin-

ciples and no 1 rs of pro risty.

What then, was our surprise to meet on the very day of our arrival, a Phila-

nouse with long French windows, sur-rounded by a blooming garden. The furniture was elegant and convenient.

Church privileges were ample and she had some friends among the Mormons.

Her bete noire was her landlord, whose

particular effonce was his too great de-

sire to make improvements and repairs

upon her residence. His manners were very mild and pleasant, but he at last

Lippincott's Magazine.

Popular Science Monthly.

ty of Arts.

and believed in his native town.

cow.

accidentally overheard a soldier

Tinsley's Magazine. It is carved entirely out of stone, an there are seven caves hollowed out of the rock, which are reached by a long flight of stairs roughly hewn up the side of it. These caves are grotesquely painted with the chief incidents of the history of Ceylon. In the first one there is a statue of Buddha, reposing full length, which is sixty feet long, and all carved out of one piece of stone. Befo e it on a table are placed offerings of flowers, candle, camphor. incense, etc. In other caves are immense figures of the ancient Kings; they are larger than life size and are painted in the most varied shades of vellow, siashed with red and green. Their faces have much the same features as are represented on wooden Dutch dolls, and have about as much expression. The walls and ceilings are decorated with rough paintings representin battles, tournaments, elephant hunts, and religious processions. tions of these rooms were curtained off. and when we asked the reason, the old priest who was our cicerone informed us that "they were very sacred stat-ues," but did not offer to make us acquainted with them. When we left the temple he locked the door after us with with them. When we left the temple he locked the door after us with a massive silver key, which must have en at least two pounds in weight. There were curious looking rooms with windows with gratings, at one end of the caves, which our venerable guide explained to us had been used as prison cells for state prisoners, with so many shakes of his head that we im

Ward, with his pure and powerful conception, and his skillful fingers, is agined it fared ill with the poor wretch Lafayette. If only Lafayette had met At leaving, we offered the old priest a sanctossim (tip;) but he shock is head and said he could not take anything, but we might make it as an offering to Buddha, and pointed up the hill again, but as it was a good half between Lafayette and the American mile up, ending with a severe flight of steps to the temple, we declined to do so, but settled the question by terling im to make the offer next time he To the Greeks we are indebted for the earliest germ of the university. It went up, which arrangement seemed to meet with his views as well as it did

The Comet and the Pah-Utes.

made, from the traditional teachings on the home, the shop, the social sur-Chief Winnemuca, of the Nevada Plutes is dead. He was a great perroundings, to school-master teaching properly so called. Nowadays, we school masters think so much of oursonage among the Indians, and nedicine men of his tribe say that dev selves, that we do not make full allowis made uncommonly clever and per ance for that other teaching which was sistent efforts to catch his soul. They for unknown ages the only teaching of mankind. The Greeks were the were seen sneaking about the neigh borhood, assuming the forms of vari first to introduce, not persaps the prious beasts; and trying to get insid mary school master for the R's, but he mystic circle watch surrounded the certainly the secondary or higher schoolmaster, known as retorician or lying man's couch, and they might sic orded had not the comet been sen sophist, who taught the higher profesto .ight up and frustrate their evil de sions; while their philosophers or wise men introduced a kind of knowledge signs. Winnemuca died when th comet was at its brightest, and it is that gave scope to the intellectual fac now bearing away his soul to the ulties, with or without professional aprealms of bluss. plications; the very idea of our Facul

Pigeon English.

Here is a Chinese version of the parable of the Prodical Son, which was read at a festival of the Chinese Sanday-schools in New York:

A man, he two sons. Son speak he t father; father he got money; give some he; father he take it all right. I just now give you half. He give him half; he go long way-like come China to New York No be careful of money, use too much money all gone; he very hungry. He went to man. He want work, he say, all right; he tell him to feed pigs. He give pigs beans; he cat with pigs himself. He just now talk, "My father he rich man—too much money. What for me stay here hungry? I want to go back and see my father. I say to him, I very bad. He knows I bad. Emperor [God] see I bad.

No be son, me be coolie."

He go back; long way, father see him. He take him on the neck. The son say, " very bad. I just now no be your son;

His father talky to boy, and say, "Get andsome coat; give he ring, give he shoes; bring fat cow—kill him, give him eat." They very glad. 'He all same dead, just aow come back alive; he lost; he get back. Number one son come. He lear music; he tell servant, "What for they make mu-

He say, "Your brother come back ; your father very glad he no sick; he kill fat cow.

Number one son very angry; he no go inside; very angry. Father he come out; he say, "No he angry."

Number one son he say, "I stay all time by father; never make him angry. My father never kill one fat cow for me. My brother he very bad; he use money to much; he have fat cow and music." Father say, "You no understand; he just dead; he come to life; he lost, he now come back." They make music.

Our friends early appear to us as representatives of certain ideas, which they never pass or exceed. We are more sociable and get on bet-

ter and more agreeably with people by The children of to-day will be the rchitects of our country's destiny in

1900. How many lessons offaith and beauty we should lose if there were no winter

To believe your own thought, to be lieve that what is true for you in your s genius.

From Emporium.

Geo. Dodge, Sr., a well-known citizen of Emporium, writes that one of his men (sam Lewis) whilst working in the woods so severally sprained his aukle that he could scarcely get home, but after one or two applications of Thomas Eggermic Oil, he was able to go to work new day.

"Gay, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke with a social sort of a grin, "how would you like to go fishing?"
"Wouldn't that be perfectly lovely!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I never was dishing in my life, and I always wanted to

dishing in my life, and I always wanted to try it. Where can we go?"
"Well, there are lots of places around Brooklyn. Last summer I saw boys catch a good many fish off the dock at the foot of State street. We might go there."
"Just the place," conceded Mrs. Spoop-endyke. "Perhas we can catch some sar-dines. I'll bet a spool of thread I get the first shad!" and in her glee Mrs. Spoopen-dyke waltzed across the room and back again.

again.

Mr. Spoopendyke smiled pleasantly upon his wife and started out into the yard to get some worms, while Mrs. Spoopendyke rigged herself for the pending excursion.

"Got any lish sticks 7" she asked as Mr. Spoopendyke returned, rather warm from his exercise.

"I've got some fishing rods, if that's what you mean," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, "but I could only find four worms,"
"Can t we break 'em in two?" inquired
Mrs. Spoopendyke, anxiously.
"Could if we had a busz saw," grunted

Mr. Spoopendyke. "Come along, if you are coming." and thoroughly equipped for the expedition, Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke set out for the State street pier.
"How Youg before they bite?" asked
Mrs. Spoopendyke, hoisting her book out

of the water and examining the point of a worm her husband had impaled thereon. "They'll probably bite at that as soon as they can borrow a step ladder," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing the dangling hook. "If you calculate to get any fish you had better let that thing down in the

"Oh!" said Mrs. Spoopendyke, dropping the book. "Do you think I could catch a goldnish," she inquired after a pause. "Hi! hold on! there, I lost him!" eigen

vater.

lated Mr. Spoopendyke, firing his hook up toward the Heights.
"So did I!" chimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she fell over backward and shot her sinker into Mr. Spoopendyke's oap, "I'de-clare, we both lost him!"

What ye doing ?" demanded Mr. Spoop "What did ye lose? When I'm ullin' in a fish you just sit still, will ye? hink my head's a tish-poud? Drop it, I tell ye! drop it in the water. There! Now sit still and fish. Another time I'm ulling in a Spanish mackerel, you let things alone. You made me lose that fish."
"You ought to have caught him," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly, "you fished splendidly for him.

"I understand the business," rejoined Spoopendyke, somewhat mollified. You see he didn't even get the bait, big

as he was."

"I'm glad of that, because we've only got three worms left. How I'd like to catch an oyster. Do you know I—"Hist! Sh-h-h! Quiet now! I've got him! See me play him! Now I'll fetch him!" and Mr. Spoopendyke reeled in until he landed an old boot!
"I didn't know that fish had

"I didn't know that fish had burrs on like a chestnut," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, quivering with excitement. "Crack him

nd let's see what he is," "Crack your grandmother!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, shieing the boot up the pier. He wasn't good to eat anyway. I'll get omething-

"What's the matter with my stick? Let o, you nasty thing! Here's another one! "Pull him right in, can't you? You've

got a bite. Haul up! cried Mr. Spoopen-dyke, trying to untangle himself from his line and help his wife. "Lift him out of the water!" "He won't let me!" squeaked Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding both arms out at full length. "Take him off! Go 'way, you

"Lift your polestraight up in the air!" shouted Mr. Spoopendpke. "Hoist the dod casted thing right up!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke exerted herself and lisclosed an eel, dangling. "It's a rattlesnake!" she yelled. "Don't go near him! Fire! fire! murder! murder! olice! police-e-e!" "Hold your yawp, will ye?" bawled Mr.

Spoopendyke. "Get him over the dock so i can catch him! What ye holding him out there for? Waiting for him to dry? Stick that pole straight up in the air, I

Mrs. Spoopendyke threw the pole ove er shoulder and flopped the eel into Mr Spoopendyke's countenance.
"Dod gast the measly thing!" he howl-

ed, as he spit out. "Stop waving that slam basted lightning rod like a flag, will ye? Hold it still, I say! Think you're a tree?"
"Don't touch him! Throw him overboard! He'll sting you to death!' gurg-led Mrs. Spoopendyke, and forgetting that the pole still exercised an influence over the eel, she gave it a jerk and it slipped for doing so, grows up either a prude or through Mr. Spoopendyke's fingers. That tlirt, as her disposition naturally disposes entleman made a spring for it and swash-

d into the water. "Heu! blab! beu! waggle, glu, hic, gah, gagale!' sputtered Mr. Spoopendyke, as bome lightermen fished him out.
"Did you catch cold, dear?" inquired or how much injury has been done.

fishing you stay at home! You hear?

And with this novel mathematical suggestion, Mr. Spoopendyke hunted himself to his domicile and took a rum sweat.

The Size of Molecules.

With regard to the absolute diameter of a molecule and their number in a given space, everything at present is only probable conjecture. Still it may be interesting to state the views which are held on these questions by such investigators as Sir William Thompson and the late Professor Clerk-Maxwell; but we give these without attempting to indicate the character of the speculations on which the conslu-sions rest. Summing up, then, both the known and unknown, we may state that the molecular weights and velocities of many substances are accurately known. It is also conjectured that collisions take place among the molecules of hydrogen at the rate of seventeen million-million-mil-lion per second; and in oxygen there are less than half that number. The diameter of the hydrogen molecule may be such that two million of them in a row would measure a millimetre. Lastly, it is con-jectured that a million-million-million hy-drogen molecules would weigh about four grammes; while nineteen million-million-million would be contained in a cubic centimetre. Figures like these convey no meaning to the mind, and they are introduced here only to show the character and resent state of research.

De shanghigh chicken' minds ma oh sum men dat I'se seed. He cows private heart is true for all men-that | in gaty loud, an' bregs aroun' mong de hens an' young chickens; but when a game-rooster fellow comes around he's got business on de adder side

Tell your children that they are the worst you ever saw, and they will no

-its Physiological Ch Many people have the habit of teasing every one they can, particularly children, just for the fun (?) of seeing them get marry, and to see what they will do and hear what they will say. Nothing else seems to give them quite as much satisfaction as this kind of sport, and they will go to any trouble and lose no opportunity of engaging in it, to the yexation and discomfort of every child they are for any length of time in contact with.

in contact with.

One of these pests of social life comes where a child is quietly at play, and the first thing is to upset its toys or itself, or annoy it in someway, and when it manifests its excited feeling, they laugh an if it were a good joke. If the little one is pugnacious, and rushes at its termenter with in contact with. ts little fists and tries to punish him, it is considered rare sport, and candy or coin is bestowed as a gift to appease the wrath of the aggrieved child, only to be provoked again when another opportunity presents itself. These people undoubtedly do not

mean to do harm, and would be highly offended were they accused of being tyrannical, which is indeed the case. They would probably plead guilty to the charge of "thoughtlessness merely" when remonstrated with, never once dreaming of the in-jury they are inflicting on the little one tself, and through it on others, by thus abnormally and prematurely developing the organs whose function is mainly self-protection. The constant repetition of these disturbances renders the child irritable, ready to fly into a passion on the slightest provocation, and often very diffi-cult to manage by its rightful guardians.

Causing anything to suffer for one's amusement has long been justly consider, ed as a barbarous pleasure; but it is little better if the suffering caused is mental in-stead of physical. In fact, it is worse in ite effects, because more lasting, than if caused by merely physical pain. More than this, it is one of the meanest kinds of oppression, because the victim is unable to cope with the generally stronger oppressor, and in some cases is rendered nearly fran-tic by being thwarted in every attempt to

defend itself from persecution.

Another class adopt a different plan, but
one which is quite as harmful to the child. They begin as soon as the baby is old enough to understand the meaning of words, and never desist as long as they can get the ear of the person addressed, or until "forbearance ceases to be a virtue," and they are lectured soundly for the persecu-tion. This class tease the little ones about their little mates of the opposite sex, talk to them of lovers and marriage, and arouse ideas and feelings that should have no place in the mind of a child. The barm they do cannot be estimated. Before the age of puberty, nature leaves out, compar atively, the thought of sex from the mind. Left alone, the boys and girls play together, and enjoy doing so without any special feeling about it. This is as it should be. The boys do not become so rude and rough in mappers and language as when the antes are entirely of their own sex, and girls do not become so prudish and silly as when they play only with girls. Both sexes are more healthy and happy when allowed free, natural companionship each with the other. After the age of puberty, however, they enjoy playing, working, and studying together in a different way from before. A new pleasure is experienced in being together, a new attraction is felt, and they naturally seek each other's company. This is right, also, and entirely proper, but the time for the natural development of this feeling should never be anticipated. No question should ever be raised in

he mind of the child about the propriety of association with play-fellows of the other sex. Nature intended the sexes, at the proper age, to love each other and live ogether in one of the most sacred relaions of human life, and where can be the harm of previous association, if properly taught by older friends, or left entirely

the end of life in this sphere let the sexes associate freely, naturally, constantly, in all the relations of life, and sexual vices late and sugar, but none of them are likely would disappear.

The unnatural development of the passional element in the child's nature brought about by the teasing, foolish people, has caused many a boy to secretly in-

spire to produce the same result; but a few words, forgotten the next minute by the speaker, may set in motion a current of feeling previously still, but the end of which may be a physical and mental wrecking of what might otherwise have

een a noble unture. The little boy laughed at about playing with girls, soon becomes shy on being seen with them, and learns to avoid them, fcaring ridicule, and seeks other company.

The little girl told by her mamma that it is not nice to play with boys, or teased by her penny-wise-and-pound-foolish friends her. Her boy companions are not merely play-fellows, but boys to be treated in a different way from mates of her own sex.

Mrs. Spoopendyke, with solicitude, as they made their way home.

"If I did I landed it," growled Mr. Spoopendyke, blowing mud like the exhaust of a tug.

"Anyway, I caught an eel, didn't I?" about 14 common and old before their time.

asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, carrying out a Let the children alone and don't tease woman's idea of comforting a man with them about anything, should be preached from the pulpit, and spoken by the press, "Oh!" you caught it!" ripped out Mr. Spoopendyke. You're a fish woman, you are. All you want now is glass sides and some bubbles running through you to be an aquaritum. Another time we both sishing you of the control of the pulpit, and spoken by the prescription to go unrebuked.—Foote's Health Monthly.

A good square sermon, with roast duck for dinner, is my idea of the seventh day. -[Plato. I have never been fishing on Sunday, but

I think Sunday evening the best in the week for going to see your girl.-[Cato. Sweet Subbath day of rest! Also for 63 centigrade, equal to 142 Fabrenheit; 37 riding out. Also, for a good dinner. Also, centigrade, equal to 98 Fabrenheit—all the for cutting the children's hair. Count me symptoms disappeared as by enchantment, -[Confucius.

that day I sew on loose buttons, wash my feet and reflect that I am one week nearer the grave. - Diogenes. In the Puritan days a young man caught waiting at the church door to see his girl home would have been set down as shade worse than a sheep stealer.

Sunday is always welcome to me, for on

The man who can see sermons in run-ning brooks is most apt to go and look for then on Sandays when trout are bitting. -[New Orleans Picayune.

The Porte.

The term "Porte," which used to denote The term "Porte," which used to denote the atlantistrative government of the Ottom: a Empire, and includes the Sultan, the Grand Vizier and the Great Council of State, had its origin in this way: In the famous institutes established by the famous warrior Sultan Mohammed II, the second body politic was described by the metaphor of a stately tent whose dame rested on four pillars. The Viziers formed the first pillar, the Judges the next, the Treasurers the third and the Secretaries the fourth. The chief sent of government was figuratively named the "Loity Gate of the Royal Tent," in allusion to the practice of early times when the Ottoman rulers sat at the tent doors to administer rulers sat at the tent doors to administer justice. The Italian translation of this name was "Le Porte Sublima." This phrase was modified in English to the "Sablime Porte," and finally the adjective doubt grow up in the way they should has been dropped, leaving it simply "The not go."

stnut Warvest in the Apennine The electiont harvest, which takes pla

The chestnut harvest, which takes place in October, is the greatest event of the year in the Apennines, and furnishes a regreation, rather than a task, to all classes of the population. The schools have their annual vacation that month, that the children may assist in it; and it is difficult to find hands for any extra household work while a pleasant gipsy life goes on under the trees. The steep woods are then alive with merry parties pleking the mabegany-brown nuts from among the fullen leaves, and dropping them into long canvas pouches slong at the waist for the purpose. The boughs are never shaken to detach them, and the burs fall singly as they ripen, rustling through the leaves, and breaking the forest silence with a heavy thad as they strike the ground. They lie till picked up from day to day, during the appointed time for gathering them, which lasts a month, and is fixed by municipal proclamation—commonly from Michaelmas Day, September 29, to the feast of SS, Simon and Judy, October 28, but sometimes extending by special request, if the season be unusually late, for ten days longer. Any one wandering of the rese season be unusually late, for ten days longer. Any one wandering off the rec-ognized paths through the woods during that period is liable to be shot by the pro-prietor, as in the Swiss vineyard in vin-lage time, but this sanguinary law seems remain a dead letter. After the legal term has expired, the woods are free to th whole world, and are invaded by troops of beggars, gleaning any chance belated chestnuts which falling now, are the prize of the first comer. Those which drop at any time on a road passable for wheeled vehicles are also public property, and, as the highway runs through chestnut woods, the poor have a little harvest by the road-side. The proprietors of woods too exten-sive for the guthering to be done by the members of their own household engage a number of girls to assist, giving them food and lodging for forty days, and to each two sacks of chestnut flour on her departure. After their day's work in the woods they are expected to spin or weave in the evening for the benefit of the housewife,

evening for the benefit of the housewile, who thus gets her winter supply of yarn or linen pretty well advanced in this month. The poor girls look forward to being employed in this way as a great treat, and will often throw up other occupations rather than lose it. In a fine season it is indeed sufficiently pleasant, for the lovely weather of a dry October among these Tuscan highlands makes open air life unalloyed pleasure; but on the other hand, one can hardly conjure up a more dismal picture than that presented by the dripping chestnut woods if the autumn rains have chosen that month for their own when the sheeting floods of heaven thresh lown the withered leaves as they fall, and the soaked burrs have to be fished out of the swirling yellow torrents that furrow the ground in all directions. Wet or dry however, October, unless the yield be exceptionally scanty, is a season of abund ance and rejoicing through the country while the peasants consume the fresh chestnuts by the sackful, not roasted, as they are eaten in the cities, but plainly poiled and eaten bot from the husk. The great masses are spread on the floor of the drying bouses—blind descried-looking buildings scattered through the woods fo this purpose, and which in the autumn seem to smoulder internally, as the smoke of the fire lit to extract the moisture from L'e fresh chestnuts escapes through al the interstices of the roof and walls. From the drying-house they are taken to be mill and ground into farina dolec, fine meal of pinkish color and sickly sweet flavor, which forms the staple food of the pepulation. From this they make polenta or porridge, in other districts made rom Indian meal, and secri, round cakes baked between chestnut leaves, which are kept and dried for the purpose, with the result of imparting a slightly pungent flavor of smoke that the stranger will hardly find an improvement. Other delicacies, too, are made from the chestnut

late and sugar, but none of them are likely to commend themselves to northern palates A Cure for Hydrophobia, Dr. Buisson of Paris, was called in to

treat a woman who had been seized with hydrophobia, and in whom the disease had patient he wiped his hands with a cloth moistened by the saliva of the dying per-son. On the foreinger of the left hand he had a trifling wound, with the skin broken. He at once perceived his imprudence, but trusting to the method of cure lately discovered by him, he was satisfied with washing in water. "Thinking," says M. Buisson, "that the malady would not deplare itself before the fortieth day, and clare itself before the fortieth day, and having many patients to visit, I put off taking my remedy of vapor baths from one day to another. On the ninth day, being in my closet, I felt all at once a pain in my throat, and one yet more keen in my eyes; my body felt so light that I thought that if I jumped I could rise to a prodigious height, or that if I threw myself from the window I should be able to float in the air; the hairs of my head were to sensitive that it seemed to use a if so sensitive that it seemed to me as if without seeing them, I could have counted them; saliva rose continuously in my mouth; contact with the external air caused me frightful pain; and I shunned looking at anything bright. I had an incessant longing to run after and bite, not men, but anmals, and even objects about me. I drank with difficulty, and I may mention that the sight of water tired me more than the pain in my throat; I believe that by shutting the eyes every one with-hydrophobia may drink. Attacks came on every five minutes, and I observed that the pain began in the forelingers and stretch ed along the nerves of the shoulder. Thinking that my system was only preservative, not curative, in its nature, I took a vapor bath with the intention, not of

healing, but of suffocating myself. When the ath was at a height of 52 degrees cen-tigrade—52 centigrade, equal to 1234 Fah-renheit; 57 centigrade, to 132 Fahrenheit; I have felt nothing of them since. I treated more than eighty persons who ve been bitten by animals in a state of idness, and all have been saved by this cthod." When a person has been bitten be a final dog he should be made to take see of the so-called Russian vapor baths, from 57 degrees to 63 degrees centigrade he, one every day, by way of preventive. In case of the mahady having distinctly show, itself the vapor bath should be heard rapidly to 37 degrees centigrade, and then slowly to 63 degrees. The patient should strictly confine himself to his room until he is quite well. Dr. Buisson mentious some other curious facts. A man in America was bitten by a rattlesnake about sixteen miles from home; wishing to die in the bosom of his family he ran home went to bed, perspired plentifully, and the wound healed like any simple sore. The bite of the tarantula is cured by dancing, the virus being dissipated by perspiration. If an infant who has been vaccinated is made to take a vapor bath, the vaccination is of no effect.

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